

NATIONAL MINE OWNERSHIP.

It has remained for the Democratic party of the richest and most conservative State in the Union to insert in its platform a plank that would excite comment as a radical measure if favored by a Populist convention of Kansas or the Dakotas. This plank, adopted at Saratoga by and with the advice and consent of the convention's master, Senator Hill, advocates "the national ownership and operation of the anthracite coal mines by the exercise of the right of eminent domain." The most extreme expression of Republican centralization or Populistic socialism could not go further.

Is it meant in all seriousness or is it a device of campaign thunder to rattle momentarily in the ears of the unthinking while the evils of the coal strike are uppermost in their minds? If so it is an unworthy appeal to unreasoning prejudice. It cannot be thought that Democratic orators will be directed to give countenance to it on the stump. Its advocacy would be wholly contrary to Democratic precedent and subversive of Democratic principles. As the handwork of a shrewd and experienced party manager and platform constructor the plank must be viewed as an extraordinary piece of unskillful carpentry.

A State's rights go wholly by the board if Federal authority can interfere thus to seize a private industry. A next logical step might be, if occasion demanded, to lay hold of the Pennsylvania steel mills and oil wells on the same theory and with equal injustice.

MIDWAY INDECENCY.

The St. Louis World's Fair Board of Lady Managers, at the suggestion, it is said, of Miss Helen Gould, have requested that there be "no indecent dances in the midways" of the exposition. It is a timely rebuke of a tendency which even persons not strait-laced in their notions have been loath to approve.

The idea seems first to have gained vogue at Chicago that a midway should be a place where visitors could momentarily lay aside their moral scruples to see and hear certain forms and expressions of "spiciness" otherwise plain nastiness, which they would not tolerate elsewhere. It was a seductive idea and gained many votaries, but it has since gone to lengths not to be sanctioned.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS.

A big racing automobile in Central Park yesterday smashed a runaway and hurt Miss Elizabeth Wood so seriously that she may die.

The circumstances of the accident were such as have long since become familiar: The automobile came up quickly behind the runaway, its puffing frightening the horse, which jumped to one side, reared and then ran to the middle of the road directly in front of the machine.

It will be found by the chauffeur's testimony, if the case ever gets into court, that the automobile was moving within the restricted speed of eight miles an hour. Nevertheless the force of the impact was sufficiently severe to demolish the other vehicle completely.

The accident was doubtless unavoidable, but as automobiles are now met in such large numbers on all roads it would seem that the only recourse of drivers desiring reasonable safety will be to drive only horses educated to the sight of the puffing machines and given certificates of fearlessness.

CUT DOWN TOO SOON.

The career of a promising young Napoleon of finance has been rudely cut short by the arrest for forgery of Ronald F. Brennan, of Brooklyn. Brennan is twenty-two years old. Three years ago he was a \$5 a week clerk. He is now president of the "Brooklyn Bond and Mortgage Title Company," with a capital of \$100,000. District-Attorney Clarke, in asking that Brennan's bail be placed at as high a figure as \$20,000, said: "This is a most remarkable young man."

We are inclined to agree with the District-Attorney's estimate and to regret that the law has got hold of him. A boy who can do at twenty-two what Brennan has done might have become at thirty a magnate of finance to whom Mr. Morgan would be as a Lazarus. Jay Gould at twenty-two was selling mouse traps and John D. Rockefeller was seeking a job as a "longshoreman." It is one of Fate's cruellest tricks that Brennan's budding greatness is nipped by an untimely frost.

MR. BURBRIDGE'S FURNITURE.

The fall moving season has brought three large van loads of furniture to Mr. Burbridge's residence in West Thirty-third street, as observed by passersby yesterday. Details are not given us, but we know without further enlightenment that the furniture is very recherche and rooco, in keeping with the magnificent mediaeval Italian bronze door, and of an elegance to satisfy the exacting connoisseurs who will see and use it.

We observe in our mind's eye rare armchairs, superb examples of the carver's art, sideboards showing at one glance Virginian hospitality and Venetian luxury, paintings of acknowledged merit, marbles and bronzes, art nouveau work, all that a somewhat lavish taste could approve in household furnishings.

But probably it is on the tables that most care in selection has been bestowed, from the console in the hall and the polished golden Veris-Martin creations in the drawing-room to the rare mahogany of San Domingo weight and excellence of coloring in the dining-rooms. And in the "library" a somewhat larger table, handsome but serviceable, done in green baize as fitting its use and as being in the prevailing style. And perhaps other and smaller tables in green baize some way by and some in adjoining rooms.

A choice collection of household goods, creditable to the owner's good taste—something a little nice, apparently, than those in the Canfield residence. But a household with both an Italian marble staircase and an Italian bronze door to live up to must needs have the furniture of equal excellence.

And as for that bronze portal there are those, according to Mr. Pope, who are

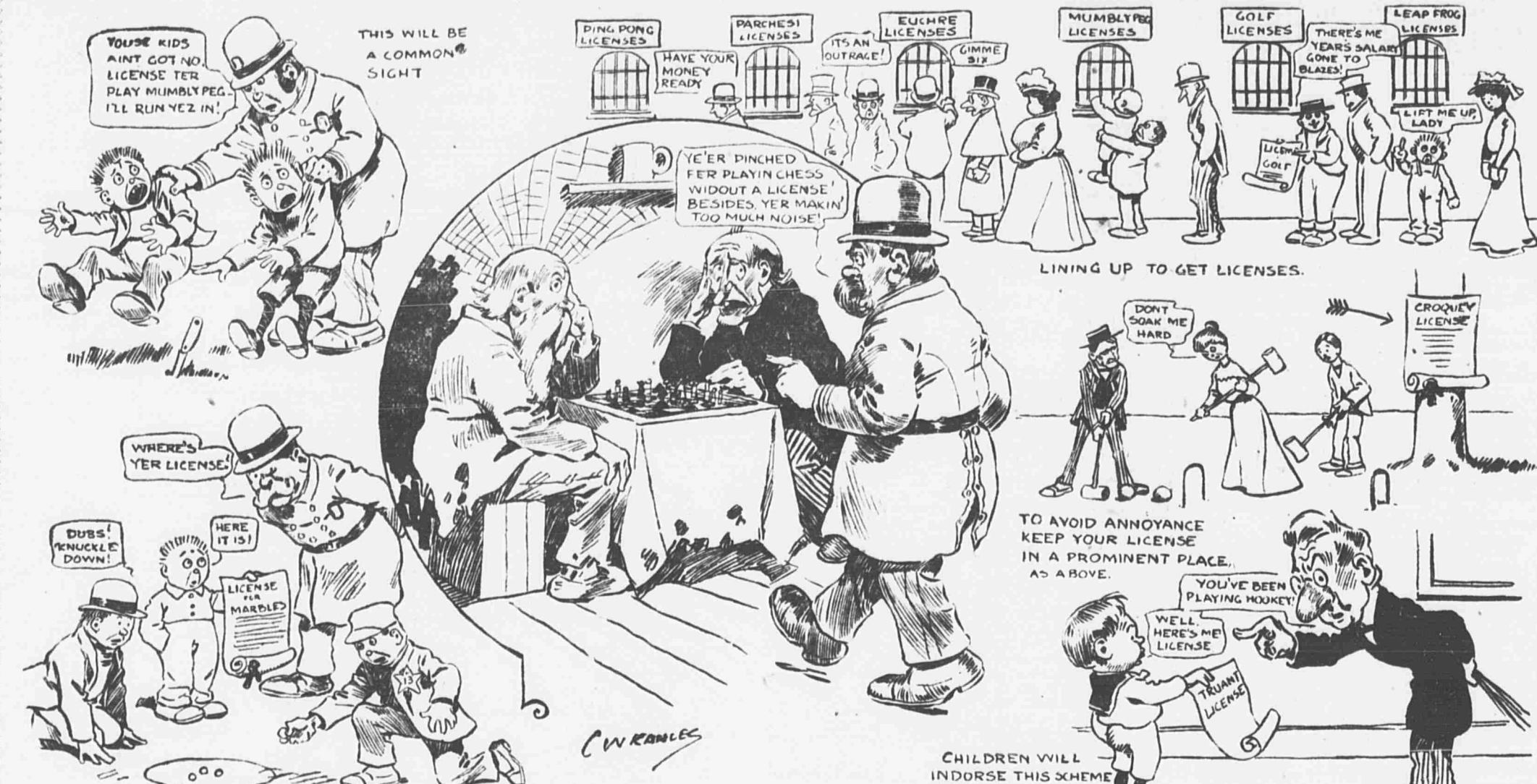
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door.

If the door admits a rich man's home. It is to be hoped that too many colds will not be caught in Burbridge's household.

Rich Police-men—The fact is pointed out as novel that rich householders are to act as policemen in the suburbs of Manhattan. Is there no precedent for it here?

PING-PONG REGULATED BY LAW? WELL! WELL! WHAT NEXT?

Artist Kahles Answers the Question Pictorially.



The Ohio Legislature has decided to place ping-pong under municipal regulation throughout the State—sinful, dangerous, desperate ping-pong. Well, perhaps, some other State will see that the villainous game of chess does not go unchecked, and that a proper legislative bridge is put on menacing mumble-the-peg and home-wrecking hi-spy. The artist has pictured some of the beautiful prospects when all the pure and innocent games will have to be duly licensed or go out of business.

HE MEANT WELL.



Mrs. Fiftyodd—A man is as old as he feels, but a woman is 'is old as she looks.

Mr. Oldbeau—Really, madam, that doesn't apply to you, I'm sure.

PA'S EXPLANATION.



Little Willie—Pa, what does this paper mean by saying the man slept like a top?

Pa—It's probably a misprint, my son, and should read: "The man slept like a cop."

VERY STILL.



Rambling Artist—Sketch you? What kind of a subject would you make?

Tramp—Oh, I'd do as still life.

STUCK UP.



Mr. Bruin—He is the proudest bear in the woods.

Mrs. Bruin—Yes, I noticed that he has been putting on a great many airs. What is it all about?

Mr. Bruin—He was shot at and missed by Teddy Roosevelt, Jr.

BOLD ROBBER.



Slowen—There goes a man who stole \$100,000 from me.

Bixby—Did you get it back?

Slowen—No. You see, he eloped with the heiress that I was engaged to.

TRAINING AN ACROBATIC DANCER.

American girls are the best exponents of that new and strange order of dancing known as "rocks" and "instep" work. It is styled the dancing, but European ballet masters do not class it as such. It is acrobatic dancing which, to attain perfection in, requires a rigorous course of study and practice.

It is no secret in the profession that the process is at first one of great physical pain. The subject is first exercised until she is in a state of profuse perspiration, when the leg and foot are mercilessly massaged. Now she is in a condition to be safely operated upon. The object is to so loosen the smaller bones of the foot and ankle that they may permit the foot to be moved in any direction.

And to this end the operator takes the foot and twists it this way and that, every twist being an agonizing experience for the patient. Two years of training is not an outside time for a debutante to learn this style of dancing.

The main objective of the "rock" dance is that the soles of the feet should be used as far as possible in the place intended by nature for the instep. Think what this means! Any one who has had the misfortune to speak an awkward word has not "all have an idea of what it means to use the sole of the foot in this way. It is reducing ankle springing to a system, the pain, of course, not so acute as in the accidental form, but long drawn out, until nature adapts herself to the discomfort in the long run, so she always does.

The feet, having been relaxed or reduced by months of discipline, so that, by the Wellington phrase, they can go anywhere and do anything, the patient, if she has not been so treated, is in a position to sway the full weight of her body upon the insteps of her feet in movements. Fortunately for the girl, her feet by this time have become hard to learn sometimes as early as four years old, and though they train incessantly, they are not ready for the stage until they are sixteen or seventeen.

At these bars most of the initial training is done side practice. It is called, and side practice to the dancer is as the compass to the mariner. It is odd, indeed, to see a dozen or more little girls in fluffy ballet skirts clinging on to the bar, standing on their toes, lifting first one leg, then the other, bringing them round in turn, at right angles with the hip and revolving them in their sockets. And not only beginners must practice constantly at the side bars. It is a daily tax even upon premieres dancers earning their \$50 to \$60 a week.

To dance upon the toes means that the feet must be in a perfectly straight line with the shinbone, and after every lesson the master takes hold of each girl's foot and bends it into the required position.

The training of young children for the "rocks" begins by the strengthening and making flexible of their legs, feet and ankles. The legs are massaged and manipulated from the hip down, they are rubbed with alcohol and twisted, and this is done for an hour at a time. In this way they become extraordinarily

strong and flexible. The leg turns upon the hip, the feet turn upon the ankle as easily and gracefully as the hand turns upon the wrist.

Then it is time for the children to learn to stand upon their toes. For that purpose each toe is wrapped separately in cotton, and the ends of the slippers are stuffed with the same substance. Then, with the feet always turned out, they lean their hands on a chair back or some such support and rise slowly upon the tips of the toes. In most good academies there are horizontal bars running round the walls of the room at some three feet from the ground.

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A FEW REMARKS.

England and Mr. Morgan have made a shipping pact.

That England's flag shall fly from England's ships, they top enact. The reason he allows this in his bid for English trade.

Is said to be because the Morgan flag is not yet made.

"I've only been ping-pong," said Devery. And when he had finished they wouldn't even let him take his seat.

If the Morrisania burglar had taken the trouble to learn football, a mere bagatelle like a ton or so of policemen piled all over him would not have hampered his escape.

When women run for President what a title "From Convent to Convention" will be for the story of candidates' careers!

Mrs. Dashing—How can you possibly find fault with my own bathing costume? It's certainly a revelation.

Dashing—Yes, and it's the revelation that I object to.—Chicago Daily News.

"Beauty is only skin deep." "Never mind, dear; there are lots of good dermatologists."

The Collector of the Port of Philadelphia has barred the mongoses of this country. Maybe because there were more than one of these rodents in the invoice, and he could not decide whether to write the plural as "mongoses" or "mongeees."

"Helen has improved her game wonderfully since she has been playing with Jack."

"How do you know?" "Why, she's got so low that she plays entirely without a caddy."—Detroit Free Press.

"I hear he is homely." "I should say so. Why, his auto goggles are actually becoming to him."

"Did you see the Pyrannees while you were in Europe?" "No; we called, but they had measles in the family and weren't able to see any one."

Didn't Devery "overlook a bet" in failing to invite Hill to one of last summer's chowders?

"If you please, ma'am," exclaimed the nursemaid in great excitement, "I can't keep the baby from going to the scullie and trying to eat coal."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Langmaid, "that child is going to take after his father for extravagance."—Washington Star.

"Nebuchadnezzar, in Bible times, was condemned to eat grass."

"Poor man! I suppose he put a fancy name on it and called it a health food."

Corporations on the street. Oft may count their wealth in rolls; But can't "stand on their own feet," For "corporations have no soles."

Irate Father (starting for the parlor)—Maria, that young Spoonmore has been hanging around this house long enough! Mother of the Family—What are you going to do, John?

Irate Father—I'm going to tell Bessie to let him drop.—Chicago Tribune.

"How warm and comfortable Scribble looks in spite of this coal famine!" "No wonder. He has tons of rejected manuscripts to burn."

"I hear Von Setemup won that \$5.00 job in a canter."

"Yes, and lost it a week later, in a decanter."

Wieg—As a painter do you think he will be able to make a name for himself?

Vaag—He ought to. You see, he's a sign painter.—Philadelphia Record.

Morgan's plan for merging Southern railroads is said to have received a check. The amount is not named.

Beef Magnate Cudaby has started a new rubber comb. A blend of the two industries will find vast favor in the eyes of the boarding-house keeper.

"If you swear that way," said Rev. Goodman, reprovingly, "you won't get to heaven."

"Oh! I've got a better chance than most people," replied the hard case. "I'll bet the general scarcity of skilled labor will pull me through."

"And are you a skilled laborer?" "Yes, I'm an expert: harp tuner."—Philadelphia Press.

There was once an old Woman Dr. Whose patients had language off shr. Though she always would laugh At their malice and chaff, And said that she cared not who knr.

Despite his game leg, the President may yet succeed in kicking the coal price from its high pedestal.

A very plain man in Glasgow has a very pretty daughter. One day she was sitting on his knee right before a looking glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked:

"Papa, did God make me?" "Yes, dear," he replied. "I'll bet he made you."

Looking again in the mirror she drew a long breath and rejoined: "He must be turning out better work lately, isn't he?"—Scottish American.

SOMEBODIES.

DR. VERNIE, PROF. E. of Kansas City, reads and speaks fluently seventeen languages.

HARRIS, DR. W. T.—United States Education Commissioner; goes to bed about sunset, rises at 2 A. M. and does most of his day's work before the world at large has breakfasted.

KITCHENER, LORD—when asked recently for his autograph refused, saying: "Young man, make your own autograph worth something. Mine's worth nothing."

IRWIN, BLAIR—one of the few remaining survivors of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" is living on a Sharon, Mass., farm.

ARMES, REEVES E.—recent clerk of New York's Finance Department, could cite every decision of the Court of Appeals for the past fifty years.

SHAH OF PERSIA—owns the largest diamond in the world, while the Sultan of Turkey is in the possession of the largest ruby.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Street Preacher's Views.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Brotherhood, full old strike has gone down. The poor, this winter, will freeze. I hope, in his goodness and mercy, will help these people, and that value and capital may pull together and give us all plenty of coal. I mean to the poor men. They will suffer the most with no compensation.
EDWARD FALCONER,
Street Preacher.

Query for Rural Readers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A question came up in a party of ten

crickets, both ladies and gentlemen, which I would be pleased to have rural readers answer. The question is: "Do you drink water?" Not one of us could answer.
THOMAS W.

Why the Street is Turned Up.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to "Falconer," who does not seem to know why slighthead street is turned up, would say that the street is being repaved, something it has needed for a long time. As for the temporary stoppage of work, and muddy condition can't his fertile brain see that this is

being in the rainy weather we have just had? If he wants good reasons for it, let him live on Broadway, near Eighty-sixth street, for a while, where the taxpayers have had to put up with no-knowledge conditions for the past six months or more, on account of the road-work, notwithstanding. He might be happy and thankful at the thought that Broadway street is being improved.
"BUD" BROADWAY.

"Can Play in the Park."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In regard to the letter of "Johnnie," of Windsor Terrace, which states how bad

boys are treated by the police in trying to play football, and saying they were ordered to go out, I would say that they can play in the park. No one is prohibited from the ball grounds or the park if he behaves in a respectful manner. I know the Windsor Terrace boys very well and therefore know what I am saying.
KENNEDY.

The Late "E." Express Again.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I can't with interest the comments about the delay on the Ninth Avenue "E." express. I, too, on those occasions, and my train is seldom

less than five minutes late nowadays. I don't believe this tardiness is altogether necessary. It remains to be decided, once passengers and citizens are one place of business. I should think the "E." company would just now be doing all it can for its patrons, so as to hold them when the subway begins. For then dissatisfied folk are apt to desert the "E." for something quicker and more certain.
MICHAEL D. V. OARIE.

It is Pronounced "Sheek."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly explain how to pronounce the word "sheek."

GOOD TRADE.
The number of convicts at the State Prison in 1901 was 1,000.